

SANDFORD'S PACT

By Gerald Neave

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"Any kicks this morning, Miss Lorimer?" inquired Henry Sandford, president for the time of the Montana Eagle Gold Mining company, as he sat down at the mahogany desk in the office of the big city building.

"Half a dozen," answered Miss Lorimer, laughing. "Say, Mr. Sandford, it certainly does seem to be getting a bit warm in these parts. That clergyman from Boston has been writing in wanting to know whether the mine's ever started operations or ever going to."

"Well, I'll write him later," answered the president absently. "If necessary we'll declare a 10 per cent dividend for his benefit."

"And that old lady from Philadelphia, who says she's invested every thing—"

"Pshaw! We needn't notice her till she writes that she's coming to interview me. Then we'll send her a dividend, too. Applications still piling in?"

"Twelve thousands dollars since Saturday."

"Whoop!" ejaculated the president. "Say, Miss Lorimer, there certainly are a lot of suckers in the world, ain't there? I wonder how many's been born since we shut up shop on Saturday night?"

"Just 2,400," answered the secretary, after a short compilation upon her pad.

"That ought to mean something for us," commented the president.

Nevertheless, he was anxious that morning. He had promoted many dubious concerns during the past year or two, aided by a "sucker list" for which he had paid the sum of \$3,000. The money had come rolling in from all parts of the country; clergymen, widows and fools had contributed largely on the promise of a hundred per cent dividend annually.

Whenever any applicant became too troublesome Sandford cleared himself and allayed suspicions by "declaring a dividend." But he had reason to suspect that the federal officers were investigating him and he was pondering the advisability of departing for cooler climes.

Miss Lorimer had been with him for six months. She had come to him a simple girl, innocent of his methods of "finance." He had corrupted her,



"Well, I'll Write Him Later."

he had taught her to believe that his methods of "business" were those universally followed in the financial world. He did not know the revolt that had taken place within her, nor that she needed her salary of \$15 urgently to support her widowed mother.

Sandford had begun to think Miss Hilda Lorimer had the best business head of any woman whom he had known. And something as close to